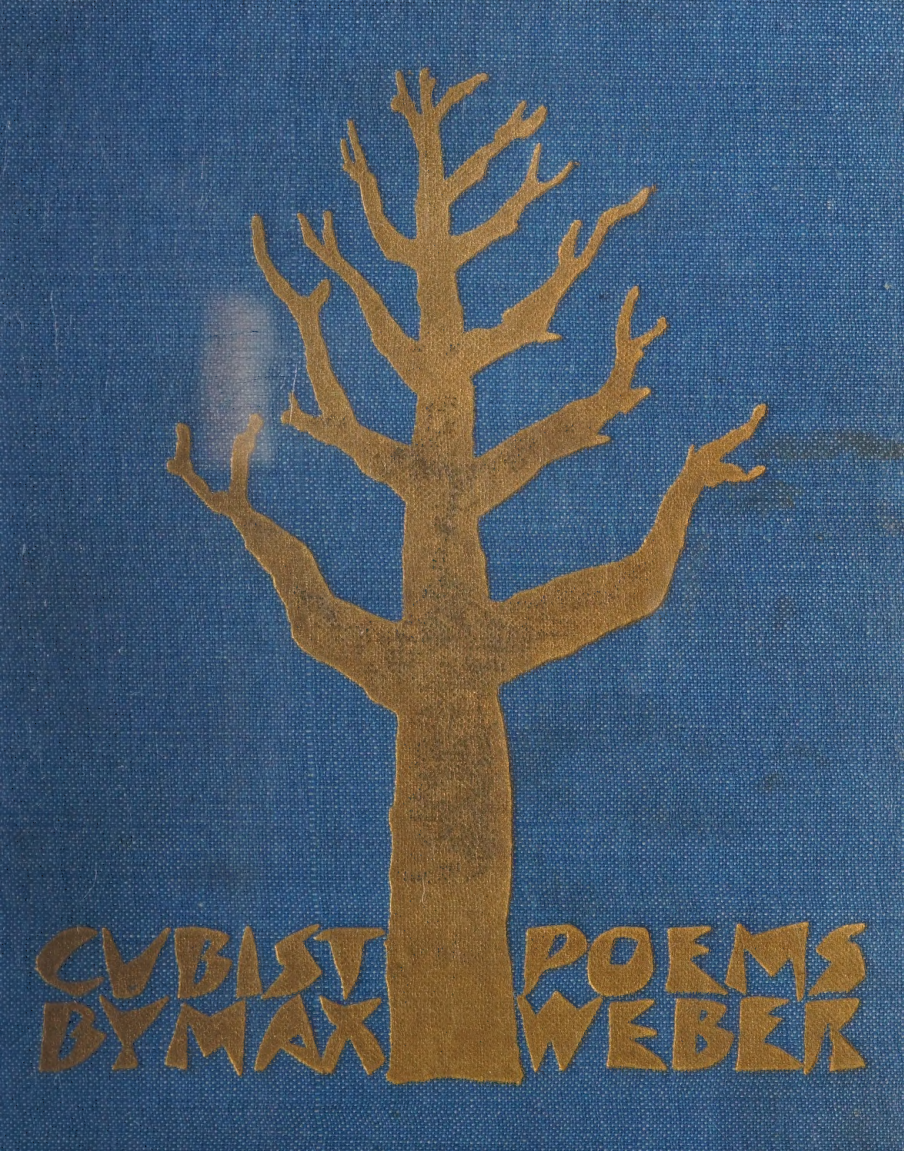
CUBIST POEMS
BY MAX WEBER

To my Cousins Getz
with kindest regards
Labor Day 1914
Max Weber

250-

CUBIST POEMS

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CUBIST POEMS

BY

MAX WEBER

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET
MCMXIV

DEDICATED TO

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

AND HIS MOTHER

FOREWORD

MAX WEBER is an American of Russian descent. He received his first art training at the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, New York, became a teacher of art for several years, and on his savings went to Paris to study. Here he came in touch with Matisse, and became one of his first pupils. El Greco, Cezanne, Henri Rousseau, and Picasso, are the painters with whose work he is most in sympathy; but best of all he likes to study the art of primitive peoples, the sculptures of Egypt and Assyria, the great simple things that have come down to us in stone from the past.

Recently, within the last year or so, he has written poetry, and this is his first published collection.

A. L. C.

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The Eye Moment

CUBES, cubes, cubes, cubes,
High, low, and high, and higher, higher,
Far, far out, out, out, far,
Planes, planes, planes,
Colours, lights, signs, whistles, bells, signals, colours,
Planes, planes, planes,
Eyes, eyes, window eyes, eyes, eyes,
Nostrils, nostrils, chimney nostrils,
Breathing, burning, puffing,
Thrilling, puffing, breathing, puffing,
Millions of things upon things,
Billions of things upon things
This for the eye, the eye of being,
At the edge of the Hudson,
Flowing timeless, endless,
On, on, on, on. . . .

Winter's Come

MUSIC in rage
Voices in terror
Fury moan and groan
Now an echo
And wilder, forlorn, weeping voices from colder clime.
Now cold volumes of thundering rolling wind-quake winds.
The still air and mild gentle breezes
Blows, blows, howls, roars, thunders, threats—break,—
Break the gentle breezes and sweeter voices of the air.
Away!
Speed devouring space
The solid blurred and liquified
The static,—mobile,
Atoms,—destroyed
New formation wafted and transplanted
New spheres roll!
The Chase,—a war and prophecy in the symphony of the winds
Creation!
The cold demons maddening breath,
And gentler milder things freeze.
Fearful, threatening screams—scoffing
The tropic, the once ripe, the once sweet
Closed, demolished by polar cold
And repeated.

Monotonous, quivering, shivering, shattered sharp-set
voices
Now a whisper
And now into vile crescendo fortissimo, seething blasts
Beams of funnel shaped thunder
Piercing, distressing needle wails
Abatement,—
A pause,—
Enchantment of cold agony.
Again the groan, the moan, the howl, the rage, the
frozen passion,
Destruction, quake, crash, blast forewarns,
And fright and fear prophetic soothes
And all the senses wait.
Tormented, turbulent space a moment breathless hangs.
A flute, a harp,—begins oboe and a 'cello
Now all and staccato cymbals and drums
A million frozen organ pipes blow,
And all unforeheard symphony play.
Triumphant phantom rage,
Birth and death meet
Echoes, strains, gamuts from opposite poles now here clash
And in gentle whisper
And in thundering screeching crys
Interlaced wind-fold, in wind-fold
Opposite climes and regions greet.
New voices heard,
New mystery open,
Winter's come,—
Winter's come.

Bampense Kasai

MASK Bampense Kasai,
Crudely shaped and moulded, art thou,
In weighty varied solid frightful form,
Through thy virility brutality and blackness,
I gain insight subtle and refined.
Then 'tis true Kasai that the sculptor in thy making
Was not the jungle savage,
But high spirited and living soul.
In carving thy features Bampense Kasai,
In the crudest geometric form,
Thy savage maker makes an art
At once untrifling big and powerful.
Surely not ignorance but fear and love and spirit high,
Made him make you Bampense Kasai.

The Old and the New Me

A DEEP silent sorrow eats and eats me away,
But while this sorrow eats and eats me away
The old me that it eats away,
There too, is a new me sprouting budding silently on.

The old me swallowed up by the new me,
The time space between the old me and the new me
The rain of tears between the old me and the new me,
Is tearing away the sorrow of the old me
For the birth and growth of the new me.

Buddhas

BUDDHAS, Buddhas, Buddhas
Buddhas of hell, Buddhas of fire, Buddhas of heaven,
Buddhas of every abode,
Your attitude, your innerness, your absoluteness,
Binds time and mood to no end.

Stillness, super stillness, innerness
Deep, deep innerness,
Of rhythm of energy,
Invisible without,
Living stirring within.

Buddhas, Buddhas you eliminate,
To make peace more than it is,
To make stillness and rest more than it is.

What is this mood?
What is this placid sweetness?
What is this silence?
What is this awe?
Will I know when I am a Buddha?

Love Refreshed

LONELY and isolated plain, midst these violet and interlaced hills
Bathed in the stillness and the coolness of the early morning air and light.
Upon thee sits a little humble house
Simple of form and structure and quiet and rich of colour.
She sits as if she had been planted by the hand of man
And grown together and mellowed and ripened with time.
In thee two lovers sleep—they lie touching each other's breasts
Breathing rhythmically as though they were one,
And had grown with thee oh little humble happy house.

Oh blessed little house, chosen little house
In one of thy little chambers
These two young lovers are asleep
Undisturbed by the sorrowful thoughts of the past—forgetful of the past.
To-day, now in this moment they breathe anew.

Sweeter and sweeter becomes the blend of their breath
Like the fresh dew and scents of this very golden heavenly summer morning.
I greet thee oh happy little house
Thy very walls, thy foundation and the earth underneath thee
And the trees, flowers, weeds and rocks about thee,
And the fresh air and crystal light.

Happy little house, humble little house, chosen little house,
I greet thee once more this early summer morning.
I greet thee—give shelter and peace these two lovers—
Oh happy little house and to me and to the one whom I love.

The Oriole

An oriole sings, the oriole sings
A cricket too I hear, and hens
Sounds, voices, summer song
Imbedded in full green foliage,
Too, leaves I hear rustling
Stirred by silent gentle breeze
Breaking heat waves of midday.

Summer scents—in summer light I work,
The rushing city expiring people,
Building, breaking, burning, hurling
Smeltering in sweltering heated iron,
Yet with them I am, though here with birds,
As always I am in worlds within worlds.

A bird chirping—I hear the locomotive,
Now lost and again I hear the locomotive,
One stays, one goes, between I sit,
The locomotive's breath I see rising, winding
Competing in volume with the hills I see
The hills stay, the locomotive rhymes away.

Sun Rhythm

Oh sun, oh light,
Thou comest in the rhythm of time
To thee and by thee
The world is set.

No End, no Beginning

As there is no end, to any end
So has beginning no beginning
But in this time is
And all in time that lives.

Oh Sun

Oh sun to thee it is to make all visible,
Under thy rays of light
Lies this great city of cubic form—New York.

To a Butterfly

Who made thee butterfly?
Who bejeweled thee?
Your rubies are like none I know
Do you know who gave them setting?
Stay, stay I must have thee here,
To know by thee what thy beauty is.
Flutter tenderly, spread your fibrous wings
Show me thy jewels, thy phantom jewels.
Though tender fibrous thou art,
A moment's beauty thine,
Is to me a master work of eternity.

My Love to the Moon

In fourteen nights I lay waiting,
I missed thee, I longed for thee,
Thou lovely form and thy holy silver light.
But part of thee of thy crescent youthful form
Through swaying leaves I saw.
I missed thee, I beg I had almost forgotten thee,
Where thou art now nobly yet meekly,
There was but darkness and once slight stars,
And to darkness without thee I prayed your return.
Through swaying leaves I caught peep of thee.
I saw you showed yourself in part,
But it served to bring me your beauties whole,
As it was before you left me.
Oh glorious holy light of the night,
Thy feminine beauty needs no praise,
Thou art young, meek, cool, modest, lovely
But withal you graciously fill the heavens
And illumine the arched night.
Thou sittest above a jewel of heaven
High in the arch of night you hang,
Showing darkness what is modesty and light.
Though nothing else eyes can see,
Thou oh woman of heaven and your halo veil,
May anew be seen and loved this night
As eyes behold and love your sisters of earth.
A million eyes greet thee and kiss thee now
But mine embrace thee with a million sacred loves.

Chac-Mool of Chichen-Itza

CHAC-MOOL of Chichen-Itza,
So art thou imbued with energy of vision
That thy stare leaves all behind thee as thou hast and always wilt.
Thy stare into the future with unequalled velocity
Thou wert made once so, to witness all that passes and all that shall pass.
Thy time endless, one breath of thine, the intervals between the opening and the closing of thine eyelids
Is a great part of eternity.
Thy weight and power was made to endure and bear,
Thou wilt stand the fiercest storm, heat, cold,
Thou wilt suffer and conquer, change, time, emotion, sorrow
All will pass and come again to go again, endlessly thus
But thou art eternal, thou art the sign of eternity.
Thou wilt see all and know all always.
The cup thou holdest so firmly in thy powerful and untrembling hands,
Shall forever receive the raindrops from gentlest shower to the waters of the maddest cloud-burst.

Again to evaporate and to rise from thy cup
Again to fall and to be received by thee.
Forever thou watchest, forever thou listenest, to the eternal truth,
Thou art agent and medium of the infinity of all things.
Would I were with thee, if I but could and knew how,
Even though of clay thou art made,
Thou knowest more, thou feelest more, thou seest more, thou rememberest more, thou art more.
Oh my brother in eternity, Chac-Mool of Chichen-Itza.
Would that I could but hear thine unuttered speech
In silence and heavenly mood,
I feel our minds greet and kiss each other.
A liquid sweetness of soul and peace,
Flows living from me to thee and from thee to me.
What wisdom thou hast, what power
Thy stern lips of thy firm mouth have spoken, do speak, and will for ever speak.
Thy nostrils ever will breathe of endless time and space
Thy pulse ever will mark time
Thy shoulders' strength I know can bear the weight of all time
Thy legs and knees so mighty can ever span the earth,
And bend and give rhythm to endless motion.
So fixed art thy feet to earth,
That nothing can shake thee.
Oh Chac-Mool of Chichen-Itza,
Thou of all the earth.
Thou art composite of all, in all, to all, endless.

I doubt not thy being, and doubt not my being
I am here with thee always, and always was and always will be.
I hear thee, I understand thee, doubt not, doubt not,
Of flesh I am made, and mortal I am,
Thou shalt remain to tell that I have been
Thou art monumental, thou art colossal, thou art eternal.

Epigrams

He who is interesting to himself is his own refreshment.

Take clay and rise with it into angelic spheres—
that 's creation.

Some there are who sacrifice the eternal rhythm, for
the varied moment.

With some it is no matter what but how,
With others it is no matter how, but what.

I depend greatly upon that which I do not yet know.

Hopefully waiting, is a pause at the infinite.

Sorrow is drowned by energetic diverse thought.

The artist should have a range within, from tear to
laughter, from visible to invisible, from the
obvious to infinity.

To arrive at nature through art, makes both bigger
and more distinct.

Haze

HAZE, haze, haze,
Warmed, heated, dried, burnt
Blurred by wind-mist seething the air,
Air hanging air wet over the hills,
Air moist, damp, pressing air,
Gray molten hills and valleys
Contours, masses, finesses, gone,
Haze, haze, haze.
This late hour past noon.
Life stilled, action stopped
Ambition and purpose waiting,
For but one cool breeze.
Now haze, haze, haze,
Man and trees and animals
All with drooped heads,
And brows drenched with sweat,
Now haze, haze, haze,
Waiting for but one cool breeze.

Midnight

MIDNIGHT—darkness moonlit, starlit
The world asleep, I half awake
Fatigued, half asleep, half asleep by fatigue,
Half awake by stillness not still,
Not still, crickets, frogs, cocks awake,
Too, the wind making rustle the leaves
Swaying the branches and bushes.

Asleep—half asleep, half awake,
The world sharing half and half,
A million voices breaking stillness in dark and light.
Half unheard, half unseen,
I know of all but now each in half.

Voices—on the hill, near other hills
On my bed asleep, but half awake
By a million voices half heard
I lie, waiting for being asleep or awake
The midnight hour passes
I lie waiting for it being night or day.

Light—a distant light on another hill
I wonder where and who is there

This million voices sounding,
I forget the distant light,
The full moon comes to face me
I forget the moon
The wind brings me nearer
To hearing a million other voices.

Morning—less dark, the moon going the sun coming
The distant light is out
A million voices greeting fresh crystal light
Trees, hills, the million voices,
Knew I slept resting
Waking I too greet the day.

The Spider

I FIND you spider energetic
In this dim corner of glass and wood,
I know not why you chose this corner,
But your position here shows your study.
I have watched you weave your web one, two, three days,
I have torn your web one, two, three times,
But you persist and the web is here.
Not until I found you here
Busy spinning, planning, constructing
Your intricate net of your fluid thread.
Not until I found you here
Absorbed and intent upon tying your fluid thread
In making the finest of finest of webs,
Not until I stood and watched you move
A million times to and fro and angularly so,
That I arrested my touch and left you at your work.

The purpose of your labours
I infer to be not of the finest
You labour though to preserve yourself.

Though a million threads you have interwoven
You are stationed only in your own area
Cunning and entrapping you are,
If the fly but knew, your labour's naught
Your arduous labour only you yourself need
The fly doth not need your labor and you—
If the fly but knew your treachery and theft,
Your beautiful labour and parasitic intent
Would naught become, and you would not be.
Spin, spider, spin, weave your web and make your home,
My admiration of your craft surely you will have,
But spider, spider, leave the fly alone!
And if I find you do your malice
Your net I shall destroy one, two, three and many times!

Night

FAINTER, dimmer, stiller each moment,
Now night.

Weather Report

SWAYING breezes
Earlier hours, hazed, pressed, sweated,
Breezes cooling the air,
Nature's ambition waiting,
Breezes, breezes, cooler,
Breezes, wind mist,
Contours distinct,
Cooler, delightful,
Sun struggling and appearing,
Growing pale, faint, fainter,
Life easier delightful.

The Chinese Tea-Pot

POT, tea-pot, Chinese tea-pot,
Chinese, red sienna clay tea-pot,
I love thee so!
I love thee so with eye and hand,
That thou mine heart and mind awakeneth.
In pouring the liquid thou containest,
And in pouring the herb thou drainest,
I hold in balance beauty and beauty's use.
Speechless unpretentious only a tea-pot thou art.
Other master works, silent but deep, deep,
In Egypt a thousand and three thousand years stood,
In Egypt the temples of Karnak and Gizeh stood,
Enveloped in time's wave their own,
None other, nowhere, knowing,
There in Egypt on the Nile they stood unknown.
Tea-pot thou minute, art not like the Sphinx,
Only in thine essence China and Egypt in me meet.
And there when they meet, thy maker and I greet.

The Bare Naked Tree

HAST thou seen the bare and naked tree in the summer?
Bare and naked, leafless, it too bathes in the sun heat.
Bathes right beside the summer clothed trees.
Can I say one is living and one is dead?
Both are, there they are, beside each other.
Their proof of being each one as they are,
Their difference marking, calling to seasons,
Is life's infinite proof of proof ever new and ever old.
Always the same is the bare and naked tree,
Fruit unyielding, flower unyielding, leaf unyielding,
Ever the same its dry bare baked trunk and arms and fingers,
Ever waiting in its living for endless life in death,
Ever standing in its loneliness and waiting
As seasons come and seasons go.
Ever numb and unresponsive to youth of spring,
Ever silent and ever closed at summer's departure,
Only in endurance waiting, moaning, by wind and cold and heat.
Only naked beauty and a love to be,
Its only reason for its life in its death.

And 'tis not death for if no other reason,
Than the wing rest of a mother bird
Or for its shadow pattern of sun or moon
On the baked earth or on the blank spaced wall
Or to lend its arm to hold the line,
Or to have its fingers point to heaven.
Or alike to be with other winter trees.
And naked and bare and dry it stands
And for no pity calls.
Its beauty and use in its death by contrast
Ever is new and ever is season marked.

Namelessness

I GREET thee namelessness,
Ah then my greeting is thy name,
I know not that others know thee,
But my greeting in our meeting
We know each other's name.

Hast thou no name, thou whom I greet?
And what if nameless though ye be,
Thy being and my being
Is enough for you, and enough for me,
And my name is thy name and thine is mine.

'Tis not the name, 'tis not the place,
'Tis our being and what we are,
That makes us greet when we meet,
'Tis not thy name, 'tis not the place
'Tis what we are, that makes us greet when we meet.

The Dead Bird

MOTIONLESS, cold, shrunk thou liest
Thy colour faded, thy once gay feather-garment mutilated,
Thy senses gone, thy pulse stopped,
Thy warm blood cold, thy loving mother-heart stilled,
Thy sharp circumspective moment-glimpsing eyes closed,
Thine upright proud head, now drooped and sunk
Thy quivering sensitive claws now shrivelled and tight and numb,
Thy beautiful wings thy greatest power,
Thy beautiful wings thy greatest force,
Thy beautiful wings that carried thee on the winds,
Thy beautiful wings made thee queen of the air and space,
Thy beautiful wings fluttering countless times a moment
Thy beautiful wings now lie limp and closed.
From thy trees death hath taken thee,
To this lonely and unvisited place.
Thy babes thou untimely left behind thee
Are now in wonder of the everlasting wonder

I know they cry for thee in thirst and hunger
And in fear they wonder what hath o'ertaken thee.
No more thy song, no more thy laughter,
No more thy call, no more thine answer,
Oh dead silent bird, I hear other birds sing,
With whom in innocent company of thine own kind,
But a while ago thou too hadst sung.
Oh dead bird I hear other birds sing,
Whether 'tis song of glory or song of death,
No one but thou couldst tell me.
Oh dead mute bird I feel thy sisters call thee,
But no one here for thee can answer them,
That their ardent call is in vain.
No one but thou couldst answer them,
That million will come and live after thee.
Oh dead cold mother bird,
Alone dead, here alone thou liest
Thy sisters sing and in glory sing and call,
But no more shalt thou return.
Then adieu for thee oh dead bird to a new beginning
Thy life that has been is not ended.
Thy death is but a prelude for another form,
Which only destiny contains,
And thou oh dead bird, as all,
Helpest with thy life and death,
To make for thy rhythmic form of the infinite.
And though dead thou art now,
Thine having been will always be.

The Silhouette

ALONE in dim light
Smoky suthed lamp behind
Enclosed by one shingle weather-eaten wall
And three net screens
Alone,
Though here screens and I
Lamp and I
Silhouette and I
Enclosed by darkness opaque
Wrapped in vibrating layers of night
Motion and sound stilled,
Darkness waiting for light
In stillnes and dimness I hear the light
I hold which darkness hides
I bear which weight dispenseth
So vague!
Still.
Only memory of memory remembers,
Darkness waiting is pregnant with light,
Waiting, vague, vacuous, still
Silence itself asleep.
Screen vanish, vanish screen!

And my silhouette on thee vanish
Deceit and eyes' illusion vanish
Vanish!
The shadow of the real brings mystery
Vanish silhouette!
I am here without thee,
Inner, inner all innerness in me
And all from me without thee
Ghastly ghostly thou silhouette
I stir and thy distortion after me stirs
I am real!
My light makes thee dark
My intention, my meaning, thy pretence is
Vague, mimic, non-tactile thou art,
Silhouette vanish!

Suffering to Sleep

MEMORY coloured darkness
Dark heat volumes
Faint forms blended
Light openings in the dark
Seeing with tread and touch
Crickets, flies, insects
Summer's life
Humans oppressed by humid heat
Suffering to sleep
Summer's delight and heat's torture
Suffering to sleep
Awake lying, position changing
Limbs and head thrown, mosquito bitten
Awake suffering for the new day
Hoping for the new light
Position changing, clock ticking
Toward the new day.
And the faint more visible
Darkness turning to light
The second hastening the minute
The God hand of light
Lifting hills from mist

And mist from valleys
And lighter each moment
The faint pink on high
Speechless trees
Pale blue pearl behind foliage lace
Things damp, things odorous
Summer's ripe decaying.

The Summer Moon

AND God comes and takes the gold away,
And pours the night full of silver,
Silver light—pale gray blue colored light,
And trees hanging night's foliage lace
Upon the pale gray blue of the breast of night
And brilliant holy heaven of night through all
A mirror—the face of God!
And through it boundless space
I send my drowned voice
Accompanied by summer's orchestral waves of night.
Over and beyond spheres upon spheres,
Spheres upon spheres day and night,
In reaching and calling and praying
For the unknown unended end.

My Kitchen

OFT after day
And rarely without
In my kitchen I sat
My kitchen, my kitchen,—my palace, my tea-room,
Plainly boarded and raw-wood shelved,
On and around, and around and on
Pots, and knives, and forks and plates
All of humble make
Crowned in their simplicity
By my Sienna-red Chinese tea-pot.
My kitchen but six by six
Crude and raw and time stained
A palace and peace-giving nook
Oft to me it was and is
My kitchen six by six
And under the same old shingle roof
With two other rooms
My work-shop and bed-room
And here and there—the three of them
Enclosed by four walls of shingle
And the house on this hill
High over other distant hills.

My summer night's joy
My summer day's work
All in all high on the hill over all
By trees and rocks and other distant hills
My kingdom my fête it made
Life through thought and spirit high
And deed and contemplation sweet
Through the day and at the end of day
And after all, all with work
In my kitchen myself I found
My kitchen but six by six
And crude and worn.
Elsewhere dimensions in alabaster and granite
Of Parthenon proportion and grace
Crowned by classic and "Academic" glory
Populations' centres
Governmental heads—
Elsewere structures,—emblems historic and patriotic
Elsewhere greed, ownership and false pride
Nowhere but my kitchen six by six
My kitchen,—my home
Nowhere but my pots, my stove, and pail, and lamp
and I
This kingdom mine
Here and nowhere
Nowhere but here
My kitchen,—my home.

A Million Senses

SEVEN senses they name,
But a million others that are, they know not
Seven senses apart they name,
A million senses in seven inseparable,—unnamed.
One chord in deep dark had reached me
And all I had seen had touched me.
I stayed, alert I stayed
And the spheres moved.
I felt, I felt, I felt,
Dried rose-leaves I smelt
And paradise was in bloom.
I heard, I heard, I heard!
And I knew all I had ever known, and more,
I stay, and all I thought now thinks of me,
And my million senses, a million,—they are mine.
Are the things there,—where where,
If my senses are not there?
A memory, and a thing—a sense
One millionth only is there.
A touch,
And my pulse through all that is
My touch through all vibrates.

But one chord, and thund'rous symphony plays,
The right word and truth rings,
And symbols and phantasies echo
I breathe, on breath
And all of time yet waits for me
A silent osculating breeze,
Cyclonic storms makes in me rage.
Seven senses they name,
But a million more wait,
Where I am all is there
One sense awake,
All is awake.
All wait, all play, all wait
Through myself, my senses I know
And a million more I know.

I am Drinking Tea

NIGHT'S stillness comes
Fatigue calling rest
Before and after—my kitchen
Stillness in, stillness about
My footsteps and utensils touch I hear,
Pauses,—breath-rest,—waiting
Water seething—now boiling
I am drinking tea.
My friends—my pots, always with me.
Here and before here
Here and before here—
Ah—the late evening hour
Summer's night coolness
Tea and air and stillness and song
Summer's joy—
In my kitchen I am
I am drinking tea.

Who is There?

THE bell rings!
Who is there?
A blur of thoughts
In me a blur of thoughts
Interrupted by the unknown
I know not who
The interrupter may not know me.
I wait.
Again a ring
I am prepared for whom I know
A knock
And all I know knocked
The door I opened
A pallid lean face is before me
Silence,
With bare drooped head he stood
Want spoke his eyes
And his lean hand begged.
All whom I know came not,
They want not,
They beg not,
Who knows?

Others who know them not,—
Others who know me not,—
I may beg,
I may want,
They whom I know may want,
They whom I know may beg,
Who knows?
Silence
An alm,
Adieu.
Thoughts stirred,
A stranger,
A beggar,
Who knows?
All strangers
All may want
All may beg
Strangers all
Fate knows all
Fate knows us all
Fate knows fate
I wait.

The Prophetic Call

VOICES!
Voices within me I hear,
From the infinite voices within me call,
Some minor, some major voices call
And ensemble prophetic they call.
And their echo,—my past, my lived
Recalled and enlivened by these new voices I hear
Oh I rejoice, and I weep
My spirits upheave, and my heart yearns,
To live the yet unknown
Hope,
Endurance,
Hope that makes me cleave,
To the unknown I cleave,
Only in living to know,
Voices I hear,
Hope they sing,
A minor voice I hear,
And doubt halts my hope
A new sun shines,
Another day has come
In the morning star
A major voice I hear.

I Wonder

MANY men, many women,
Young and old people.
I sat with them gazing
With them I laughed at the picture-story.
Now the St. Mark's in Venice, and gondolas,
Now scenes of industry in Arabia,
A picture story ended.
Many sat, men and women gazed
And laughed, and now absorbed.
A tragedy; feats of bravery
And now the life of the Bella-terra
Another story ended.
Naïve orchestral strains
And she passed out.
I sat, I watched, I laughed
As all did laugh and watch the story
Though no more was I alone.
She was with me,
She whom I never had seen,
But the one glance of her was a breath of Paradise.
She whom I never had known
She who had gone three stories since.
She of a multitude who then passed out.

She had left me a vision and perfume of love.
But one glimpse of her I had
And saw the sun shine an eternity
And my yearn for her,
Now my yearn is pain.
Who is she?
Where is she?
Why can't she be mine?
If she but knew, I wonder,—
If she but felt, would she come to me?
Another story ended.
A new tune played,
The people come and go,
She had long since gone
And I see her passing out
Another flower of love I smell
The memory of her face and form I kiss
Where is she now?
Will she ever return?
Who is she?
My yearn is greater
And my heart aches.
Where is she?
Who is she?
I love, I love!
If she but knew, I wonder,—
At love's chasm I stand,
Where is she?
Who is she?
If she but knew, I wonder.

I am Meteor

A METEOR falls,
Its composite molecules—a truth
The earth it strikes—a truth
Its origin, its falling—a mystery.
Would I could cling to the meteor falling,
Would I were with it from its start,
Would I could see, and listen to space
To space between earth and high
Up from where the meteor came.
To earth the truth in speech I'd bring.
Ah could the meteor but speak,
And could the meteor, see and hear and feel,
Could the meteor remember and impart,
What would we hear?
What would we learn?
What would we live?
What would we believe?
What truth would strike us?
How spoken mystery into truth would turn.
And if I could but live in the belly of a fish,
And could I through the fish's eyes see,
And through its nostrils breathe,

How deep then would the deepest sea be?
How many unknown wonders would I know.
And were I a polyp,
What structural wonders would I see.
And were I a tree,
And live the seasons through,
Bearing and yielding the four seasons through.
And were I a river,
And were I the blood of earth's veins,
And could I but pulsate from mountain to ocean,
Pulsating day and night,
What suns and moons and lips would kiss me?
Were I a blade of grass or a tender flower,
What melody and scents would I play and smell?
Were I a bird what message would I carry?
I penetrate all,
And as much as I am,
I am part of all.

Timelessly More

My doubts are my events,
My events are my hopes,
And events out of doubts happen,
And doubt after doubt new events through hope happens.
Repetition is my doubt.
Again,
A thought, a deed, a pause, a call,
An hour, a year,
A life
A joy, a sorrow,
All time, all being, all mood,
All is doubt for more hope,
All is hope,
And all that happens are but new doubts in new hopes.
Again,
All that happens are but new doubts in new hopes
And new doubt for more and new events.
Death,
And on
For more events to happen.
And again,

Birth,
And on,
On
Time, thought, deed,
And doubt in doubt dies
And hope always for more life makes.
And on,
More life,
More hope,
More doubt,
Always for more,
More life,
More doubt,
More hope
Timelessly more,
More,
More.

The Signal

MIDNIGHT, midstream, mid-city,
The Boat's penetrating voice I hear
Bdrr, bdrr, bdrr—
And she throbs, and she puffs, and she vibrates,
And faster, faster, hurried faster;
And behind more resonant, a boat her signal sends

And farther behind, another boat, a signal sends,
Bdrr, bdrr, bdrr,—
And the rhythm of the sound,
And the rhythm of the tide,
And the rhythm of the time,
And the rhythmic belling of the echoes
Through darkness, stilled darkness, opaque darkness
Tide, time, sound the rhythm of all
That grows, and moves, and sleeps.
Through tide and time,
Through tide and time,
Bdrr, bdrr, bdrr,—
Through stillness, darkness, unbroken silence
A soul stirring, mind shaking, heart beating,
The boats' signals,
Signals of boats gone,
Signals of boats coming,
All signals,—one signal, one voice,
Echoes of all signalled echoes
Making vibrate all signals, all voices,
All signals to me, awake, alone.
I watchman of the night
Seer of the dark,
Listener to the soundless,
I receiver of all signals,
I echo of all echoes.

Intimacy

Oh ye people, name not things ye see
If ye do, then no more they are
Call to things ye see
In calling them exclaim not
If ye do, ye frighteneth things away.
Like the bird will sing, and more will come
But one outer sound will chase them all.
Look and see and call silently within,—
Thus more intime.
Between things and thyselves and things
Ye will stand and infer,—
To still other things,—infinite things
Never outwardly seen.
Hurt not intimacy by loud calling
Name not, frighten not, molest not,
Things,—the holiness of things Intimacy brings.
Pause and choose one thing at a time,
And by the human isthmus between,
Measure, weigh, exchange.
But in all this of your inner selves add
For, for ye all things waiteth.
And when ye possess covet not,
Call not, frighten not, boast not, name not,
For things ye almost see will vanish;
And ye will never know,
What by outer calling,
What seed, and what growth
Ye people shattereth and deadeneth.

A Frozen Universe

Snow flakes fall,
Gray clouds gather,
And hide the sun from me.
Billions, infinite billions,
Falling in definite number
Falling are gray billions of snow-flakes
And how they flutter and linger in frozen delight;
How they wander between heaven and earth
And how they doubt in the space that gave them birth;
And how through their frailty, we can see the winds.
But when in their numbar they fall
The universe they blur:
And hide and mystify all outer form.
They fall giving visual enchantment of motion to space.
But one hour after the sun appeared.
And the snow-flakes gathered below,
In white sheets they lay,
Hiding the face of the earth,
The sun appeared,
And in a warm light
All vertical planes
And other planes surfaced by the wind
All shone, and all was clearer seen.
And as the sun went out,
Night came, and with it colder winds,

Symphonious, fuguous yet deadly biting wind,
All night it galed, and stormed and froze.
In the morning, on my window-pane,
The wind blew and imprinted,
All that it shut out from sight.
I saw no more the earthly forms
But, Oh! the recompense for not seeing
All that was even faintly seen
In the whirling and the blurring of the snow.
On my window-pane,
In the earlier hours of the next day
A frozen mystery of form I found.
I revelled in the phantasy of pattern,—
Persian rugs I saw,
Crystal cathedrals and towers stood,
Textile patterns, and mosaics,
And tree and leaf and flower shape,
Here a pattern of pearl,
There a piece of alabaster;
Streams, rivers and water-falls
All frozen-printed on my window pane;
All of the world that was hidden.
Its recompense and substitute for greater
In its frozen nature, and frozen dream on my window pane.
Then stalactites, and stalagmites as in a cave
But this time transcendent blue and gold light
Transparented their mystery design on my window pane.
Oh what God of Art I wonder,

Who with even his frozen breath,
Can blow phantoms equivalent,
Of all that is of earthly form
Every later hour a new phantom brought,
Through the breath of the God of Cold
And laid one frozen universe upon another,
And blended, and interlaced,
A still newer phantom sphere they made.
And now, ranges of mountains and high peaks,
And valleys and planes deep,
With the golden sun and pearl blue tints over and behind,
Or like the face of frozen waters,
Or like the mist over the seas,
Or like all the stars in heaven,
Or like the wet glistening pebbles on the shores,
Or like the ferns in the cool shade
Or like the tenderest skeleton fibres of leaves,
Or like the pattern and span of spiders' webs
Or like the forests, but violet, white and blue,
And here a human hand with fingers spread,
With the mystery-span of lines on its palm.
Here a human mask austere ;
All these and nameless more,
My imagination eye fired by the frost,
To create a universe frozenly real and alive
And all next day, and the night that followed,
The Gods from the infinite blew their cold breath,
And their likeness they froze on my window-pane
Here, frozen phantom spheres on my window-pane.

Silence

MIDNIGHT
I am fatigued,
Sleep, wants my tired body and mind.
Time reigns this hour,
Through stillness and silence it reigns,
An inner urge, keeps me awake,
My will is aroused.
The stillness is blissful,
And stillness is stiller,
More than I am yet awake.
And stillness is stiller,
More that I am awaking thought.
I accompany the silence,
Into the stillness of midnight,
And silence and I are one.
Oh for the silence of the night,
And the stillness of the night,
And the stillness of the night
That wakes to birth the living day.
What for the stillness of the night,
What would two days be,
Without, between the silence of the night.

And all inanimate things about me,
These things, have faces, eyes, and ears and lips,
Never so formful, speechful, expressionful,
Never *so* with me,
As in the silence of the night,
Never so,
As when silence hears us all.
Never space so vibrates,
Never is the inanimate so messageful,
As in the stillness of the night.
Shape, position, colour,—all speaks
And in the silence of the night,
Deep another meaning I get,
For the din of the world,
Is now dead in sleep.
And in the silence of the night,
All hears best,
And silence sees silence best.
All abandoned, all resigned in sleep
Yet all sees, all new life begets
A line, a pole, a lamp-post lit,
As they are against the night sky,
All personify themselves more,
More in the silence of the night.
Chaff blown by wind,
Too, has a word in the night.
A swinging line, a flapping sail, a swaying boat,
Resting and waiting by the sleeping shore,
In the stillness and darkness of the night,
Call more, and say more, and are more,

And I feel, and I hear, and I am more,
And in the silence of the night,
Together they and I,
In the mood-wave of the night
Loneliness enliven and impregnate.
And the night ferments and keeps up the life.
I am awake,
And my senses are persons.
Stillness wakes stillness
And the inanimate speak.
And more as the night is silent
More do objects speak.
More in the night I hear,
More do objects speak.
Each a person,—living, breathing, seeing, speaking,
More,—all in the silence of the night.

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